

A

PINDARICK POEM [4]
ON THE HAPPY
CORONATION
Of His most Sacred
M A J E S T Y
JAMES II.
A N D
His Illustrious Consort
QUEEN MARY.

By Mrs. BEHN.

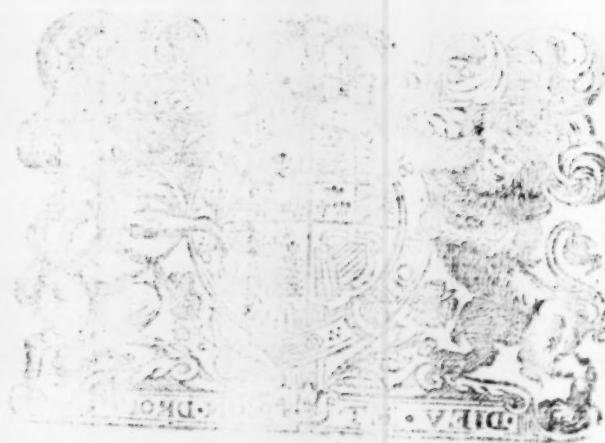


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W E S T L A M

EDENIA



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A Pindarick Poem ON THE CORONATION.

I.

Arise my Muse ! Advance thy Mourning Head !
 And cease lamenting for the Mighty Dead !
 Quench all the Funeral Tapers in your Tears,
 And as the fainting flames expire,
 Let your soft falling Tides retire ;
 While you behold the Prospect that appears
 In the vast Glories of succeeding years !
 Advance ! and throw thy fable weeds away !
 And string thy Lyre for some Harmonious Lay,
 Worthy the Celebration of this Mighty Day !
 Come ye soft Angels all, and lend your aid,
 Ye little Gods that tun'd the Spheres,
 That wanton'd, sung, and simul'd and play'd,
 When the first World was by your Numbers made ;
 And Danc'd to order by your Sacred Ayrs !
 Such Heavenly Notes as Souls Divine can warm,
 Such wond'rous touches as wou'd move
 And teach the Blest to Sing and Love !
 And even the Anger of a G O D wou'd charm !
 O Tune it high, and strike with bold success,
 But sweet and gentle, every strain,
 As that which once taught by the Charming Swain,
 By its soft force the Spirit disposest
 From the great King and Prophet's raging Breast.

I I.

Yet when thou woud'st the Royal *HERO* sing,
Thy Godlike *PATRON*, and thy Godlike *KING*!
Rough as a *useful storm* make him appear!

Or as that welcome *Eastern Wind*,
By which th' *Almighty Pow'r* design'd
Th' Egyptian Locust from the Land to bear.
Resolv'd as the *first Messenger* of *Heav'n*,
To whom the great Command was giv'n
The *first Born Rebels* to chastise;
Who, while the flaming *Sword* he bore,
'Twas only to declare his *Pow'r*,
And *unusurpt* maintain his *Paradice*.
Paint him like *Mars* when *Battails* were in *view*,
And no soft *Venus* cou'd his Soul *subdue*;
All bent for *nobler spoil* than *Beauties Charms*,
And loos'd a while from Sacred *LAURA's Arms*.
LAURA! the *Chast!* the *Pious!* and the *Fair!*
Glorious, and kind as *Guardian-Angels* are,
Earth's darling *Goddess!* and *Heav'n's* tend'rest *care*!

I I I.

But oh my Muse, when e're thou do'st presume
To touch on so *Divine* a *Theam*,
Let it be *Nature* all, thou do'st indite,
That those who read in *Ages distant* hence
May feel the very *Zeal* with which I write,
And by th' *unlabour'd Verse* be *warm'd* to tender sense:
That future *Lovers* when they hear,
Your *all-ador'd* and *wond'rous character*;
(For sure the mighty *LAURA's Name* will *Live*
As long as *Time* its self *survive*)
May find the *Holy Passions* you inspire,
Such *awful flame*, such *hopeless pain*,
Wander and trill through every *trembling Vein*;
And *Bless* the *Charmer* that *Creates* the *Fire*!
Bless the *soft Muse* that cou'd express
Beauty and *Majesty* in such a *dress*,
As all the *World Adoring* shall *confess*!

Oh fond seducer of my Nobler part,
 Thou soft insinuating Muse,
 If ever inspiration did impart
 The Soul of Musick or Poetick Art ;
 Teach me, oh teach me how to chuse
 Fancy for so Divine a Theam, O thou enchanting Muse!

IV.

The Glorious Ides of April now were come,
 And Heay'n all open'd to survey
 The Mighty Triumphs of the Blessed Day :
 And Earth had dress'd her self in all her Bloom,
 And sent abroad a universal joy !
 Ten Thousand Angels fill'd the glitt'ring Air ;
 And all was Harmony above,
 O're all the Azure plains the Golden Cherubs move ;
 And Seraphins were chanting every where,
 Gay Robes of Light the young Divinitie's put on,
 And spread their shining Locks to outvie the Sun.
 On Pillows form'd of yielding Air they lye,
 Plac'd in the mid-way Regions of the Sky ;
 On Fury Lutes and Silver Harps they play'd,
 And gave the Sacred P A I R a Heav'ly Serenade :
 Call'd forth the wond'ring Crowd, the Beaut'ous throng,
 While all the Host of Heav'n attended on the Song.

V.

Awake, Oh Royal Sir ! Oh Queen, ador'd, awake !
 For whom our Triumphs and our Songs we make ;
 The sleepless Crowds their early duties show,
 Th' attending Hierarchies of Angels bow ;
 All Heav'n and Earth with one united joy
 Expect the mighty busyness of this coming Day :
 All Languish for its blest approach —— but You,
 You to whom Glory's can no Luster give,
 Whose Beams, like the expanded Sun,
 Adorn what e're they deign to shine upon ;
 But no exalt addition can receive.
 Thou H E R O of th' expecting world arise !
 Shake off the downy pleasures from thy eyes ;
 And from the softest Charms of L o v e, Arise !
 From joys too fierce for any sense but Thine,
 Whose Soul, whose Faculty's are all Divine ;

So Bodies when refin'd, all Heav'n survey,
While feebler Mortals faint with ev'ry ray :
O rise from the enchanting Ravisher,
Nor listen to the Musick of Her Tongue ;
Her Angel Eyes, and Voice, so conqu'ring are,
Love will make humbler Glory wait too long.

V I.

And Thou bright Goddess of the Day !
For whom all longing Eyes and Hearts prepare ;
These tender panting, those soft Tears of Joy,
And with impatient Murm'rings fill the Air ;
O Charming Goddess of the Day appear !
Full of Thy Blest Idea, they disdain

A vulgar thought to entertain ;
Big with Prophetick Joy, they lab'ring wait
To utter Blessings wonderful and great ;
This day no rough Fatigues of Life shall vex,
No more Domestick Cares the mind perplex ;

All common thoughts are lost in the vast crowd of Joy,
This Jubilee ! this Sacred Holy-day !
The Soul resolves for Mirth and Play.

She leaves all Worldly thoughts behind,
And in Her hast out-strips the wanton Wind ;
Wou'd ev'n her early vows neglect to pay,

But that to Heav'n you guide the way ;
When for Your safety all agree to Pray.
The Poor Man now forgets his pressing needs,
No Penury his exalted looks confess,
Neglects the Body, while the Soul he feeds
On fancy'd pleasures scarce arriv'd in gues.

No sad Complaints ascend the Sky's,
No Nymphs reproach'd in Lovers sighs,
Or Maid forsaken, bends her lovely eyes.
All with erected Looks salute the World !
None bow beneath the Pressure of a thought,
Unless where Envy has her Vipers hurl'd,
And raging Malice even to Madness wrought,
They hate the Light that guides the work Divine ;

And howl and gnash their Teeth, and suffer Hell before their time.
The Brave are glad, and gay, the young rejoice,
The old in Prayers and Blessings lift the Voice ;
Virgins the wealth of Flow'ry April bring,
And all the Muses, and the Angels sing !

Behold the *HERO* the blest Voice obeys ;
 And like the God of *Luster* gilds
 With early Beams the Eastern Hills,
 And by degrees th' adoring World surveys :
 So the bright *Harness* he puts on,
 And in his hand Divine he takes the *Reins*,
 And with life-giving Rule the God maintains
 The Glorious Empire of the Sun.
 With ease he guides the fiery *Courser*s round,
 And heat, and life, and light, do still abound ;
 And all things smile and thrive that are in *Nature* found.
 Now fiercer *Rays* of Brightness he assumes ,
 And ev'ry Minute do's enlarge his Beams ;
 Till to the farthest Poles their *Influence* spread,
 And scatter *Plenty* where his *Glory*'s shed.
 While all the guilty fantoms of the *Night*
 Shrink from the Piercing terror of his *Light* !
 Each coming *vulgar*-day, the *MONARCH* show'd,
 But *this* more Sacred, views Him all a *GO'D* !
 New youth and vigor fill His *Royal Veins*,
 His Glorious *Eyes* young flames adorn ;
 A new *Divinity* in His looks, Proclaims
 That for *Eternal Empire* He was *Born* !
 'Twas so He look'd in *Dunkirk's* bloody field,
 When the dull faithless *Belgians* He compell'd ;
 But when He saw th' ungrateful *British Foe* advance,
 For whom even yet He had a tender sense,
 Thus spoke ! (When, mounted like a *Conquering God*,
 From Rank to Rank the wond'rous *Hero Rod* !)
Before (said he) mixt Nations We withstood
Conquest, scarce worthy our expence of *Blood* ;
Like Gallick onsets, brisk at first they 'pear,
But dare not trust the event of fiercer War :
'Twas play before, a game We smiling won,
Now 'twill be Toyl, and work, not easily done ;
My dear lov'd Souldiers these are English Men !
Who though they're forc'd to fly will turn agen ;
Stanch to the Scent of War, inur'd to Blood !
 Oh happy, if the expensive flood
 Had been defus'd for wretched *Englands* good !
 New *Courage* to the fainting *Troops* He gave,
 And by His great *Example* taught 'em to be *Brave* !

Wonders the Promis'd Monarch did perform,
And dealt Destruction round like a resistless storm!

VIII.

Nor did His forward Gallantry in War
Surmount his Clemency in Peace,
His Captives proudly their soft Fetters bear,
And charm'd to an excess,
Adore the wonders they beheld,
And kist the Sacred Hand that chas't em ore the field.
His early Courage did His Foes convince,
Who now their scorn'd Commissions tear,
No longer will the Tyrants Ensigns bear;
But Vow Allegiance to their Native Prince.
They saw the God of War in ey'ry Grace,
While soft Adonis revell'd in His face;
The Goddess here, might all her wish enjoy,
The rough stern Her o, in the Charming Boy!
Such Looks as after Victory He put on,
With such to day the Glitt'ring MONARCH shone;
Such Grace in Smiles; such sweetness in address,
Awfull as Heav'n, as easy of Access;
And Merciful as that, when e're he can redress!
True Representer of the Pow'rs Divine!
Such was the first Born-Man,
Heav'n did for an immortal Race design,
E're the first bright deluded Maid
To sense of Fear, the Lord of All betray'd;
So look'd the new-form'd wonder, so His Reign began!
So the gay Beauties of His World survey'd,
While Heav'n look'd down and smil'd, well-pleas'd with what 'thad made.

IX.

See the bright QUEEN forsakes her softer joys,
And now prepares for Pomp and Noife;
That necessary Toy of the Illustrious Great!
Who rarely taste the Bliss of sweet Retreat,
Like Heav'n who neither sleep nor slumber knows,
Short Dreams of Glory make their whole repose:
Whatever rest soft Nature do's design,
The Sun, and They, must still appear and shine!
And now, the more surprising Light
Breaks from the silent Empire of the Night;

So *Venus* look't when from the Seas
 The rising Beauty view'd the world,
 When amorous Waves around the Virgin curl'd ;
 And all the wond'ring Gods with awful pleasure gaz'd :
 All sigh with Love ! all languish in their flame,
 Yet none his pain presumes to name ;
 For oh ! the God-born Maid from mighty Neptune came.

X.

And now the Nymphs ply all their Female arts
 To dress Her for Her victory of hearts ;
 A Thousand little LOVES descend !
 Young waiting Cupids with officious care
 In smiling order all attend :
 This decks Her Snowy Neck, and that Her Ebon Hair.
 The Trophies which the Conquerors must adorn ,
 Are by the basie wantons born ;
 Who at Her Feet the shining burdens lay,
 The GODDESS pleas'd to see their Toy's ,
 Scatters Ten Thousand Graces from Her Smiles ;
 While the wing'd Boys catch ev'ry flying Ray.
 This bears the valu'd Treasure of the East ,
 And lugs the Golden casket on His Breast ;
 Another's little hand sustains
 The weight of Oriental Chains ,
 And in the flowing jetyl curles
 They weave and braid the luced Pearls ;
 Round Her bright Face their nimble fingers play ,
 And ev'ry touch gives the young Gods a joy !
 They gaze and hov'r round Her wond'rous Eyes ,
 Where a vast Heav'n of Wit and Beauty lies ;
 They point their Darts, and make their Arrows fine ,
 From the eternal Rays with which they shine ;
 From Her fair rising Breasts soft sighs they take ,
 To keep young tortur'd Lovers still awake .
 From ev'ry Charm and Grace they bear ,
 Uneasie wishes, and despair ;
 From Her alone the Bankrupt LOVES supply ,
 Their rifl'd Quivers with Artillery .
 Fatal to All but Her Lov'd-Monarchs heart ,
 Who of the same Divine Materials wrought ,
 Cou'd equally exchange the dart ,
 Receive the wound with Life, with Life the wound impart ;
 And mixt the Soul as gently as the thought :

So the Great THUND'RER Semele d'stroy'd,
Whil'st only JUNO cou'd embrace the God!

XI.

Behold Her now by *Loves* and *Graces* dreft !
Like the Great Wife of *Jove* in *Venus* *Cest* ;
Now She may ask whate're the *God* can grant ;
If ought of Pow'r, or Glory, She can want ;
But Heav'n has superseded all Her care,
And giv'n till it has left no use for Pray'r.
No wish for *Times* swift Coursers to run back,
To catch one flying minute past ;
The *coming* hours, new *pleasures* hast ;
Fortune and *Nature* still agree to make
Each present minute gayer than the last :
This gives you *Empire* ! while *Three Nations* pay
Their willing homage to your *Scepters* sway.
That gives you *Beauty* ! which without the aid
Of feebler pow'r, commands and is obey'd !
Bewitching *youth* do's over all appear,
So *Flow'r*s just blown, their noblest *Luster* shew,
When shining in their Morning dew ;
All their fresh *Fragrances* they wear.
Almighty *Wit* and *Vertue* ! Crowns the whole,
In ev'ry look and Feature of your Face,
We may the well-known *Excellencies* Trace
Of your Diviner Soul !
Though the soft *Musick* of your *Words* shou'd cease,
Your Charming *Eyes* wou'd Your great *Thoughts* confess !
Oh Blest are they that may at *distance* gaze,
And *Inspirations* from Your looks may take,
But how much more their happier Stars they Praise,
Who wait, and listen when you speak !
Mine for no scanted bliss so much I blame,
(Though they the bumblest Portion destin'd me)
As when they flint my noblest *Aim*,
And by a silent dull obscurity
Set me at *distance*, much too far
The *Deity* to view, or Divine *Oracle* to hear !
So when the *Israelites* all wond'ring stood,
With awful Rev'rence in the vale beneath,
They saw from far the *Glory*'s of the *God* ;
But to approach the Sacred Mount was *Death* !

His Dictates by the *Holy Prophet* came,
 'Twas He alone that did the pow'r receive,
 To hear th' ALMIGHTY's voice and live;
 It was enough for them below to view the Heav'nly flame.

XII.

Not the gay feather'd Chanters of the *Air*
 With earlier Songs salute the breaking *Day*,
 Than crowding *Hero's*, who to Court repair,
 Do hail, and bless the Kingdoms *Hope* and *Joy*!
 And now the gilded Barges wait
 The coming of th' *Illustrious Fraught* ;
 So Rich a Prize no Vessel blest before,
 But that which the Almighty *S A Y I O U R* bore !
 Their Golden Streamers glitter in the *Air*,
 And rul'd by the softer Wind,
 (That plays and wantons unconfin'd)
 They gently waft the Worlds *Peculiar Care*.
 The sullen *Sea-Gods* wond'ring rise,
 Rous'd by the joyful shouts and cry's ;
 Which from the crowded shores ascend the *Sky's*.
 They shake Their Tridents and the Waves obey,
 Dres their *Blew Locks* and flounce along the *Sea*,
 To pay their Tributes to the *Greater Day*.
 Him, whom so oft with wonder they beheld,
 With slaughter dye the verdant watry field ;
 When o're the wild infatiate flood,
 He darted *Thunder* like an *Angry God* !
 While round Him *Death* in horrid Triumph lay,
 Where storms of winged *ruine* forc'd their way.
 Yet still the saving *Angel* guarded *Him* ;
 The Bloody Signets which He wore
 Made the *Avenger* pass the sacred *Dore*,
 And still Preserv'd the faithful guest within.
 Oh had that Senate, whose *Ingratitude*
 The ROYAL HEIR indeavour'd to Exclude ;
 Beheld His single wonders of that *Day*,
 When o're the liquid Plain He cut His way ;
 Through show'rs of *Death* and Clouds of dark'ning *smoke*,
 Like fatal *Light'ning* the fierce *Victor* broke,
 And kill'd, where e're He dash't th' unerring stroke ;
 Instead of *Votes* against His *Right* and *Fame* ,
 They'd rais'd Eternal Altars to His *Name* !

Ador'd Him as a thing Divine,
And made a God of Him before His time !
But they Heav'n's mightiest Blessing did disown,
And strove (oh base reward !) in vain to blast His NAVAL CROWN.

XIII.

The Tritans from the Marvels which they saw,
Did Omens of their Future homage draw ;
They in the HERO view'd their coming KING,
And from Their wonder fell to Worshipping.
And what before was to the victor due ,
They to the Monarch doubly here renew.
The River Nymphs forsake their native streams,
And make their Court to happier Thames ;
Their Pipes of Reeds and shelly Musick bring,
The Tritons play, while the young Naids sing ;
And all the listening shore along ,
Of Jove ! and Juno ! was their Song.
Which oftentimes they did rehearse,
And Iô peans Crown'd the Verse !

XIV.

Jove for whom our Alters smoke ,
Jove, whom Gods and Men invoke ;
By whose sole power the laughing year
Rouls round the gilded Hemisphere ;
Who doſt its easie paces move ,
By the soft rule of Peace and Love :
Accept what we thy watery Subjects bring ,
Oaken Garlands for our King ,
Ever Green and flourishing !
Which Thy Empire shall Proclaim
O're the Tributary Main ;
See the Triumphant wreath's are drest
With all the shining Trophies of the East ;
Such as remotest shores afford ,
With which they own and greet their Lord ;
By this gay tenure 'tis they hold
Their Rocks of Diamonds, and their Hills of Gold :
And thus acknowledge thus we pay
Great Jove ! on this Thy solemn Holy-day.

XV.

XV.

But what at Sacred Juno's feet
 Shall the Adoring Nymphs present ?
 Juno charming, chaste and sweet,
 The refuge of the Innocent :
 The business of our pious Theames,
 Our waking Bliss, our joy in Dreams ;
 The President of Vertuous Wives,
 The bright example of the fair,
 Whence Virgins learn their modest lives,
 And Saints their pure Devotion there ;
 And all the Goddesses of less degree
 Take a peculiar Majesty.
 The humble softness of a mortal mind,
 (Where all the Graces are confin'd)
 With every Grandure of a Deity.
 The noblest Songs from You their Beauties take,
 Divinely you restore our fainting skill,
 Inspire the chaste and flaming quill,
 Teach Poets how to sing ! and Angels how to speak !
 Oh what to Juno shall we pay
 On this Her solemn Holy day !

XVI.

Ten Thousand Garlands from the shores
 Of flowry Aromatick shores ;
 With shining Colours newly born ,
 All blooming Beauties of the Morn !
 Gather'd before the Delphick God,
 Or the soft Wind that gently breaths,
 Had kist the tender Virgin Bud,
 Had robb'd the sweetness from their leaves ;
 In mystick order these shall spread
 The hollow'd ground, where Thou shalt tread ;
 And shed their Infant Odours round Thy Sacred head :
 Ten Thousand Hearts all with soft wishes fill'd,
 Chaste as Thy Bosom, pure as is Thy Fame,
 Ten Thousand Vows from Souls that yield
 Eternal Adorations to Thy Name !
 Let the contending Merchant strive
 For Indian Pearls and Western Ore,
 Those raffl'd Toys by which They thrive,
 And sell their safties on the shore ;

*Unvalu'd trifles to a Power Divine,
To whom a wounded Heart is more
Than all the Ransackt World has laid before
Upon the Worshipt Shrine !
These are the Tributes we devoutly pay
Great Juno on Her solemn Holy-day.*

XVII.

While thus the Ravisht Neriesd Sung
The Echoes from the crowded shore,
Repeated the glad Musick o're ;
And all the Banks with Acclamations rung,
Like well-tun'd Vollies with united Peals :
Which after rattle in the distant Sky,
Long live our Sacred King and Queen ! they cry,
And all the vacant round with joyful murmer fills,
Repeating still the grateful noise
As fast as e're they could recharge the Voice ;
The different shoutings of the Throng,
The Female Treble, and the Manly Base,
The dead flat Notes of the declining race,
Tun'd to the sharp ones of the young,
Compleats the noblest Musick of the Day :
And though each bore a different part,
'Twas all one Voice, and one united Heart,
Rejoyc'd, and blest the Monarch all the way.

XVIII.

Here let the Royal Pair a while repose
Oh thou impatient Muse !
Though loth as are my Eyes the bliss to lose ;
Who never yet could satisfie their sight,
Which do's new life infuse,
When ever they repeat the true delight.
How oft, how silently, alas !
I glide, and hover round the awful place,
Like Fantoms, where their hidden Treasure lies ;
Or hoping Lovers who at distance gaze,
And watch the tender Moments of their Mistress Eyes.
How e're I toil for Life all day,
With what e're cares my Soul's opprest,
Tis in that Sun-shine still I play,
Tis there my wearied Mind's at rest ;

But

But oh *Vicissitudes* of Night must come
Between the rising Glories of the Sun !

XIX.

And now the *Royal Robes* are on,
 But oh ! what numbers can express
 The Glory of the Sacred Drels !
Not the gay *Planet*, when he's hasting down,
Flowing and ruddy to his *Thetis* Bed,
 And guilds the Sky with dazzling Red :
 Nor the soft Rays of new-born Light,
Or Heav'n in fancy e're was form'd so bright.
And now a vast Illustrious Train of Stars
 Declares, great *CINTHIA* first appears ;
Those Stars who rule the Fortune, and the Fate,
 Of all the Amorous, Brave, and Great :
 For what e're Merit *Nature* gives,
'Tis by their influence alone it thrives ;
 So sparkling and so fair a Train ,
Did ne're attend the Goddess o're the Aerial Plain ;
 The Conqu'ring Nymphs and Hero's there,
The Graces and the Worthy's mingled were ;
 Each would a noble Song require ,
 But I have Tun'd my joyful Lyre
 Only for *Royal Theams* ;
 And the kind Flatterer sooths my heart,
 And will no trembling Note impart
To any Musick, but the Charming Names
 Of Sacred *Laura* ! Sacred *JAMES*.

XX.

She Comes———
Behold the Badge of Peace and Innocence !
The Ivory Scepter is in Triumph born,
 So do's the Milky way advance
 Before the Rising Morn ;
A *Hero* more than half a God,
Whom all the Graces and the Charms Adorn ;
Whom ev'ry Muse, and Virtue do's inspire,
Whom all the Witty, Great, and Good, admire,
 Supports the awful Mystick Rod :
DORSET, whose Eyes with all the Beauties shone,
Which he in Love, and in Success puts on.

A careless Grandure, and a Generous Air,
Did over all the Lord of Hearts appear,
Eternal softnes, and Eternal Wit :
His looks made good to day, all he e're spoke or Write.

XXI.

The Golden Scepter noble R U T L A N D bore,
In whose rich Veins the Royal Purple Springs
From mighty Y O R K ! whose conqu'ring Arms of yore
Could sway the Fortunes, and the Fates of Kings :
Still to the juster side they brought their Swords,
And many a Glorious field the wond'rous Name Records.

Next view a Hero in His proper Sphere,
While BEAUFORD do's the Sacred Circle bear ,
A Prince ! whom Heav'n and Nature form'd to move
The ill-maner'd World to Reverence, and to Love.
A Prince ! so truly brave, so greatly good,
That when in after Ages Men would Name,
Some future Hero with the Noblest Name,
Whose constant Loyalty undaunted stood,
Preserv'd it self in its divinest forms
Amidst a Thousand meeting Storms ;
A second B E A U F O R D 's Name the youth shall Crown,
And over pay His Glory and Renown.

XXII.

And now loud Admiration fills the space,
And Hearts with nimbler Motions beat,
Behold the Q U E E N the Raptur'd Crowds repeat !
She comes ! She comes with a Triumphant Grace,
And all Heav'n opens in her Angel Face ;
Bright were Her Beams, and all around they shone,
And darted awful Fire to all the lookers on ;
So heedless Lovers do with C U P I D S play
Till the Boys shoot and spoil their fancy'd Joy :
Thus all adorn'd with Sacred Beauty's Charms
Through the vast Christian Camp the fair INCHANTRESS Rode,
And where the noblest Warriers wond'ring stood,
Her killing eyes dealt their restless harms ;
Through the rough Male the subtle Lightning plaid,
And the stern Heart to tenderness betray'd :

Her Love-drawn Chariot mov'd with solemn State,
 While round it the adoring Princes wait,
 With Sigh and Vows Petitioning their Fate ;
 But with this difference, while that Charmer strove
 To take Revenge ! in the soft snares of Love,
 Ours, all Divine ! by chance her Beauty's hurl'd,
 And has without design subdu'd the World ;
 But oh ! in vain is any likeness made,
 'Tis Copying of the Day ! by Gloom and Shade.
 The wonder that the P R O P H E T did unfold,
 When Heav'n in Revelation he survey'd,

And the Bright W O M A N did behold
 In wond'rous Garments of the S U N Aray'd,
 And underneath her feet the Moon subdu'd,
 At this Divine Appearance seem'd renew'd.

XXIII.

A NYMPH the fairest ever shin'd in Courts,
 NORFOLK the Generous, Gay, and Great,
 To whom each Muse officiously resorts,
 And with their Songs their Patron Mistress Greet,
 To make the Illustrious Train compleat ;

The Sacred ROBE supports.

Aided by young DIANA's all as fair
 As the coy Maid the amorous G O D pursu'd,
 As Chast as she, as unsubdu'd ;
 Unsoyl'd even by the wanton wisping Air.
 No guilty though had ever spread
 Their lovely Virgin Cheeks with Red,
 No Lovers Sighs had blown the blushes there,
 For all their Roses in the Bud appear.

XXIV.

And now the ravish't People shout a new !
 Their KING ! their dear lov'd MONARCH is in view ;
 The constant AYLESBURY and the Loyal GRAY,
 Prepare the mighty Way.

This bears the Marshal Staff, and that the Spur,
 Of blest Saint EDWARD, KING and CONFESSOR.
 To whom Heav'n first the Mystery did unfold,
 By Sacred Touches, and by Hollow'd Gold,
 To heal that else incurable Disease
 That poses Art, and baffles all the Wise.

The faithful PETER BOROW, whose unmatch'd zeal,
 Pursu'd his Suffering Princes adverse Fate,
 When Factious Malice that out-acted Hell,
 Drove the submitting Exile to a Foreign State ;

Deserv'd the Glory which that day he wore,
And dares defend the Treasure that he bore.

[scena.]

PEMBR0OK! the thoughtful *PEMBR0OK* next surveys,
All form'd for *Victory* and *Love*,
In whose fine *Eyes* a Thousand *Graces* move,
And little *sighing Gods* around him play,
Who watch each melancholy look, and bear
The pointed *Ruin* to some gazing *fair*.
His hand the *SWORD* adorn'd with equal *Grace*,
As *Wit* his softer *Tongue*, or *Love* his conqu'ring *Face*.

Great *DARBY*, and the long-fam'd *SHREWSBURY*,
Whose hapless *Sires* in bright *Allegiance* shone,
With *Toyl*, and *Wounds*, and many a *Victory*,
Such *Trophies* for their *Heirs* have worie,
As this days *Triumphs* do their *Fames* reward,
The Pointed and more Honour'd *Broken SWORD*.

OXFORD the *Brave*, whose unexampl'd *Name*,
Was never tainted with *Rebellious Crimes*,
But 'mongst the vast *Records* of *deeds* and *times*,
Remains *unblemish'd* in the *Book* of *Fame*:
Justly that *Sword* of *State* in *Peace* he ought to bear,
Who knows so Nobly how to manage it in *War*.

XXV.

Upon the *Royal Charge* two *Princes* wait,
Youg *GRAFTON*, the *Illustrious* and the *Great*,
England's High Constable, for this blest *Day*,
Too large a *Power* to bear a longer *Sway*.
Beneath this *Change*, ah! sigh not *Royal Youth*,
Thy blooming *Vertues* still will *rise* and *Live* ;
As *Flowers* transplanted better *thrive*,
And mend their *Luster*, and their *growth* ;
Securely thou may'st *shine* beneath this *Sun*,
And in the *Path* of *Honour* thou'st begun,
May'st a long *Race*, of lasting *Glories* run :
Remaining as thou art, *brave*, *Loyal*, *true*,
Thou, in thy *KING*, will find the *FATHER* too.

NORFOLK! the greatest *Subject*, and the *best*,
Whose *Loyalty* indur'd the utmost *test* ;
A *PRINCE*! whose Glorious *Name* has stood,
Belov'd at *home*, ador'd abroad :
Stedfast in all the *Vertues* of the *Brave*,
And to no *Vices* of the *Great* a slave ;
True to his *KING*, his *Honour*, and his *Word*,
MACENA of my *Muse*, my *Patron Lord*.

Great.

XXVI.

Great ORMOND ! whom no time or Age can bow ;
 But on his awful Reverend brow,
 Serenely as the Summer of his years,
 Before the Autumn blasts bereaves
 The goodly Ceder of his youthful Leaves,
 Full blown, not fading, still appears.
 Who to Command, and to obey,
 For a long Race of years has show'd the noblest way ;
 Brave in the Field, in Council Wise,
 Stedfast in Loyalty, in Honour nice ;
 Gracious in Power, unruffl'd in a Storm,
 Humble in Court, and Glorious in a Calm :
 This Day, the Sacred Diadem he bore,
 Whose dear defence so long had been his care,
 That Diadem that Grac'd his hand before,
 Whose Right, so oft he did assert in War.

Great SOMERSET, that Name of high Renown,
 Allied to Kings, though not of Kingly Race,
 Guarded the Worlds great Treasure, Englands Crown ;
 While the Worlds Emblim did the Hero Grace ;
 His Youth and Beauty did Adorn his State,
 And the young Atlas smil'd beneath his Glorious weight ;
 The n're to be forgotten ALBEMARLE,
 Whose Name shall last when Nature is no more,
 That Name, that did lost Britain's Joy restore ;
 Its Worship'd Champion and its General.

The second Guardian of the CROWN was made,
 And in his hand to day the Peaceful SCEPTER sway'd ;
 The true-born English Bravery of whose mind,
 His Native Loyalty, and intrinsick worth,
 Shows him of that Diviner kind,
 When Demi-Gods with Mortals joyn'd,
 And brought the first-born Race of Hero's forth.

XXVII.

And now, the Earthly GOD appears in view,
 While the glad Crowd their louder shouts renew,
 Wild with their joy, even rudly they express
 Its vast concern, its vast excess !
 All stretch themselves beyond their native height,
 At more advantage to behold the Sight ;
 That Sacred fight ! which though each day we view,
 'Tis every day all Charming, Dear and New !
 So on Olympus top the GOD appears,
 When of his Thunder he disarms,
 And all his attributes of mercy wears
 The sweetness of Divine forgiving Charms.

With Smiles he casts His *Gracious Eyes* around,
Inspiring FAITH from ev'ry look and *Grace*,
No Soul so dull to humane sense was found
As not to read its *safety* in His Face.

Where **F**ortitude and **B**ravery *sate*
In solemn Triumph over **F**ate,
Where **T**ruth in all her *honest Glory* shin'd,
That darling *virtue* of His Godlike mind ;
So well His looks, and Soul accord,
The kind **C**onformers do confess
How like a **K**ing ! he does profess,
How like a **G**D ! maintain His *Word*.

O ye fond hapless unbelieving few,
Ye Obstinate, ye Stubborn, stiff-neck'd crew ;
Who love your fears of *insecurity* ;
And have like **W**itches, your infection hurl'd,

To torture and disease the World ;
Come and be cur'd of your blind **S**orcery,
That Hell-born **M**alice, that you have exprest,
And Damn'd your selves meerly to Damn the rest ;
You, whom no *word* of King, or **G**D ! can calm,
But wrest 'em both to your convenient sense ,

Who like *Land Pirates* bless the *Storm*,
When the rich *Ship-wraek* proves your recompence.
By different *Kings* your *Vertues* have been try'd,
The Pious, Peaceful, and the Brave were given,
But still that *Hypocrite* (*self-interest*) sway'd,
And you dislik'd because the choice of *Heav'n* !
So the fond Jews their *Faithless* murmurings show'd,
Rebell'd for change, though Govern'd by their **G**D .

As a bright Evening Crowns a Glorious Day,
NORTHUMBERLAND brought up the Reer ,
NORTHUMBERLAND the Lovely, Young, and Gay,
Blest by the *Crowds*, and to the *Soldiers* dear ;
A charming Youth of Royal Race ,
His God-like Father pictur'd in his face,
With a soft mixture of his Beautious Mothers Grace.

XXVIII.

Thus the great charge they to the Temple bring
There, not to *make*, but to *confirm the King* !
So the Triumphant Ark with Songs was born,
And sanctify'd the place it did Adorn !
And Lo ——————
The opening Scene of the third *Heav'n* appears,
Where Glory sits Enthron'd above the Stars ;

Where

Where no faint Mortal object meets the Eye,
 But ev'ry where 'tis all Divine,
 All Raptur'd Joy ! all perfect Extasie ;
 Where Angels and Dominions joyn,
 Where Principalities and Powers combine,
 And round the Sacred Throne in wond'rous order shine.
 Where every sense receives the full delight ;
 Seraphic Musick Charms the Ear :
 The Eyes are Ravisht with incessant Light,
 And Hallow'd Incense fills the perfum'd Air.
 The Soul with Noblest touches blest,
 Disdains the scanty confines of the breast,
 And flatterers where emencer Glories play,
 And greedily it feeds on Heav'nly joy !

XXIX.

Mistaken School-men, you who vainly strive
 Just Notions of Eternal Bliss to give,
 By dull comparison with things below,
 Saphers, and Diamonds, Chrystal Gold, and Light ;
 By lessening Objects, time, and pains bestow
 To Paint, what cannot be conceiv'd by sight.
 Henceforth the Sacred Mansion to display,
 (And tell us what you mean, by what ye say)
 Describe Great JAMES, and LAURA's Coronation Day !
 Tell, how they sate Enthron'd with Rays of light,
 What Hosts of Angels did Adore the sight.
 Describe the Hallelujah's of the Crowd,
 VVhen thrice with joyful cries they gave Assent aloud :
 Tell, how the awful MONARCH Mounted stood,
 And by the best of Mortals make us guess the GOD.
 Tell us, that so Mount SINAI's top He blest,
 VVhen to his People he dispene'd the Law,
 VVhen shining Glories all the God-head dreft,
 And all below ador'd the wonder that they Saw !
 And when the Ministering Powers yea would express,

Describe the Reverend Clergy in Pontifick dress.
 And who would tell us how th' Almighty speaks,
 When Angels bow with awful list'ning down !
 From Ely's Sermon, the best Rhetorick takes ;
 Ely, that Ornament of the still Loyal Gown :
 And when Heav'n's brightness ye would make appear,
 Behold the QUEEN, and copy it all from Her.

XXX.

All Hail ! thou born of more than Kingly Race,
 Monarchs and Poets did thy Lineage Grace !

At once the Crown and Laurel drest,
The Royal Family of E S S T.
Great A R I O S T O from Thy Race did spring,
That taught his Hero's how to Love and Sing!
May all the Joys Triumphant Beauties Bless,
And all Chast Lovers fancy in Success
May all the Glory that on Empires wait,
With ev'ry quiet of retreat,
Crown your soft hours, and be in Heav'n confirm'd,
While to secure your Blest, the adoring Worlds concern'd.

Great Prince of wonders, and welcome to that Throne,
Both to Your Virtues, and Your Sufferings due,

By Heav'n and Birth-right all Your own,
You shar'd the Danger, share the Glory too ;
Whom Providence, (by Numerous Miracles wrought)
Through all the mazes of Misfortunes brought !
You mount the unruly World with easie force,
Reward with joy, but Punish with remorse ;
The wanton Beast Restive with ease has lain,
And 'gainst the Rider lifts the sawcy heel ;
But now a skillful hand assumes the Rein,

He do's the experienc'd Conquerour feel,
And finds his head-strong Disobedience vain,
Proud of his Glorious load, he leaps, and bounds,
Becomes the Beauty of the neighbouring Plains,
New Life and new Activity he gains,
And through the Groves his cheerful Neigh resounds ;
Lives Glad and Gay, beneath that Generous Rule
That ne're will let his useful Mettle cool.

FINIS.

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